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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO ONE WHO MEDITATED SUICIDE.

Thou wretch, whom anguish wastes away,
Whose sallow cheek is taken
That angel-peace makes not her stay
Wah there, the lost and broken;
Thou shouldst rest at the many pangs
That weary ones inherit;
Miserable wither'd fangs
Hath fasten'd on thy spirit.
Too weak to bear the petty strife
And vanish by enduring;
Wilt thou, a recreant, rush from life,
Remember, unknown, enduring?
The secret strings that have their birth
In kindness, wilt thou sever,
And snap the cords that link to earth,
Aye, rudely and forever?
And, rash one! dar'st thou deface
The tabernacle given;
Whereon is left the matchless grace,
The dignity of heaven?
Exist not ties to bind thee still
To those of thy own nature?
Impious duties to fulfill
To thy great Creator?
Behold! there is there not a heart
Whose pulse to thine is beating,
And dost thou not possess a part
In childhood's guileless greeting?
Say, then! a soothing hand is near
To dry the tear that's stealing;
And hope, the bright enchantress here,
Her rainbow is revealing.
Tis sad, in sorrow's bitter doom
This gay, cold world to number;
Yet who within the silent tomb,
Unmolested, would seek a slumber?
O, then, the frame of my lot,
Who giveth and who has taken;
Do this and more, but leave me not
Thus hopelessly forsaken.

X. Y. X.

IRELAND.

Answer to a geographical question imported what is Ireland?

O'er the glad surge of Neptune's blue domain,
Graded on rocks, proud Ireland rears her
plain,
Moss-crofted tow'rs of ocean's wizard scene,
Her landscape wakes, enrob'd in fragrant
green;
Her verdant hills and flow'ry valleys rise,
Beneath the fresh umbrella of the skies,
Where scasons strew their gifts with lavish
hand,
On Erin, second Eden's bounteous land—
A Rome, in Barls; a Sicily, in Pleece;
In Metals, a Peru; in Books, a Greece;
Great by the Falcion, greater by the Pen,
And rich beyond comparison in men.
Surrender'd with fruit, her wildest forest gods,
Her springs present a beverage fit for gods,
Her heavens sweep spices from their gorgeous
store,
Her golden bowels teem with yellow ore.
Gay Nature's form luxuriates, where she
yields
The shadowy scene of Ceres' yellow fields,
And ranks of flow'rets in the valley rise,
Where Zephyr loves to breathe his am'rous
sighs.
Pale evening, when she leaves their pallet
dear,
Sheds, as the flits away, a parting tear:
Ev'n night's charmed shade treads lightly o'er
the soil,
The masterpiece of Nature and of God.

JERNUS.

THE MORALIST.

A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise,
was complaining, on a hot morning, that the
poor dew drops had been too hastily snatched
away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers,
like other happier dew drops, that live
the whole of the day through, and sparkle in
the moonlight, and through the morning, on-
wards to noon-day. "The sun," said the
child, "has chased them away in his heat, or
swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon af-
ter came rain, and a rainbow; whereupon his
father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there
stand thy dew drops gloriously re-set,
a glittering jewelry in the Heavens; the
clouds that tramples on them no more. By
this, my child, thou art taught, that what
withers on earth blossoms again in Heaven." The
father spoke, and knew not that he
spoke prefiguring words; soon after the delicate
child, with the morning brightness of his
early wisdom, was enshaded like a dew drop,
into Heaven!

FROM A SERMON OF S. F. JARVIS, D. D. Rector
OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BOSTON.

The wind is invisible, and superior to our
control. We know nothing of its existence
and its operations, but by its effects. We
see the clouds driven by its force; we hear
it sighing among the leaves of the forest; we
feel its refreshing coolness. Sometimes it
seems to be suspended; and we should al-
most doubt its existence, if we did not per-
ceive the thistle's down to be floating gently
along its current. It is so with the operations
of the Spirit of God upon the soul of man.
We know its presence by its effects. We are
told that "the fruit of the Spirit is love,
peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness,
faith, meekness, temperance." When we
feel the holy motions, we may be sure, that
the Spirit of God is breathing upon our hearts.
And even when the corrupting passions and
occupations of the world have so alienated its
occupations, and all that is holy seems to be ex-
tinguished in the soul, there may still be some gentle,
undulating motion, some solitary and some
slight act of goodness, which will show that
the divine principle of life is not wholly spent,
that the sinner may yet revive, and be saved
from everlasting death.

A Stone, swelling with the proud conscious-
ness of his own worth, took a solitary walk,
and straying amongst the groves of Acheron, he
saw that downy tree an Olive and a Pine tree.
His attention was soon excited by a murmur
which he heard among the leaves. The olive
plains he heard the Pine say to the Olive as fol-
lows: "Poor tree! I pity thee; thou now
spreadest thy green leaves and exultest in all
the pride of youth and spring; but how soon
wilt thy beauty be tarnished! The fruit which
thou exhaustest thyself to bear, shall hardly
be shaken from thy boughs before thou shalt
grow dry and withered; thy green veins, now
so full of juice, shall be frozen; naked and
bare, thou wilt stand exposed to all the storms
of winter; wilt thy former leaf shall resist the
conge of the seasons. Unchangeable is in-
mortal, and through the various vicissitudes of
the year I shall continue equally green and
vigorous as I am at present." The Olive,
with a graceful wave of her boughs, replied:
"It is true thou wilt always continue as thou
art at present. Thy leaves will keep that
sullen and gloomy green in which they are
now arrayed, and the stiff rigidity of thy
branches will not yield to those storms which
will bow down many of the feeble tenants of
the grove. Yet I wish not to be like thee:
I reject when nature rejoices, and when I
am desolate, nature mourns with me. I fully
enjoy pleasure in its season, and I am content
to be subject to the influences of those
seasons and that economy of nature by which
I flourish. When the spring approaches, I
feel the kindly warmth; my branches swell
with young buds, and my leaves unfold;
crouching of singing birds which never visit thy
noxious shade, sport on my boughs; my fruit
is offered to the gods, and rejoices men; and
when the decay of nature approaches, I shed
my leaves over the funeral of the falling year,
and am well contented not to stand a single
exception to the mournful desolation I see
every where around me." The Pine was
unable to frame a reply; and the philosopher
turned away his steps rebuked and humbled.

OSMYN.

PRINCIPLES OF FEMALE COSTUME.

A loose drapery is always cooler in summer,
warmer in winter, and at both seasons less
adapted to transmit sudden changes of tem-
perature, than a tight dress.
A loose drapery may always be disposed
either beautifully or grandly; a tight dress
is always ugly, and generally ridiculous.
The small head-dress and enormous train
characterize the more stately dame, while the
large hat or bonnet, and shorter dress, distin-
guish the lively girl.
The shawl is adapted only for tall and thin
figures; but it admits of no very fine effects
even for them, while it is ruinous to shorter
and rounder figures, however beautifully
formed.
The scarf is better adapted for all figures;
it corresponds exactly to the person of the

Confessions of a Coward.

Mr. Tyrrel Tremington, is an Englishman of
family and fortune, but, having suffered a
horrible fright from seeing the corpse of
his grand mother, when a child, he became
a confirmed and confessed coward; is im-
posed upon at school; turned out of Col-
lege; sent into the army; obliged through
fear to throw up his commission; returns
home heir to his father's estate, and thus
closes the history of his misfortunes:—
"The winter after I took possession of my
estate, I went to Bath with my mother, who
introduced me to Julia Fashley, a lovely girl
with an independent fortune of thirty thou-
sand pounds; she was extremely amiable and
well-informed, and I paid her as much atten-
tion as my constitutional timidity would allow
me. It was evident that a more intimate con-
nection between us was desired by our re-
spective parents, and I little doubt but in
the course of time I should have mustered cou-
rage to propose for her, and I doubt as little
that I should have been accepted. A con-
founded Irish Colonel, however, with
black whiskers, and a most ferocious aspect,
appeared on the scene, and became, as well
as myself, the constant attendant of Julia.
But what chance had I with a fellow of his
appearance, profession, and impudence? His
loquacity obliged me to sit in their presence
as silent as a statue; or if I ventured to make
a remark, he was sure to interrupt me before
I could utter a sentence. If I secured her
scarf to ensure myself the pleasure of cover-
ing her ivory shoulders, he would take it from
me with the utmost coolness, and praise my
attention to the ladies. I had once seated her
in my cabriolet for a drive, and was about to
follow her, when the Colonel rode up on
horseback, and, leaping from his saddle, en-
treated me, if I loved him, to try what I could
do to tame his animal, which he said was as
violent as his horsemanship, but mine would
have any effect upon him. Without waiting
for a reply he seized the reins, leaped into
the carriage, and drove off, begging me, when
I had done with the horse, to let my servant
take him to the stable; thither indeed he
went as soon as I had recovered from the
effects of this astounding piece of assurance.
One evening, as we were leaving Julia's
house, the Colonel addressed me in a very
quiet, and indeed in almost a friendly tone:
"Faith now, my dear fellow, said he, 'this
world do at all as only with a fellow who can
do to tame his animal, which he said was as
violent as his horsemanship, but mine would
have any effect upon him. Without waiting
for a reply he seized the reins, leaped into
the carriage, and drove off, begging me, when
I had done with the horse, to let my servant
take him to the stable; thither indeed he
went as soon as I had recovered from the
effects of this astounding piece of assurance."

There is a pleasure in the married life
I do not pretend to deny; but it strikes
through the darkness of a cold December
night. "Is there any meteor in winter, Mr.
Single," (shippers out a child of ten years
old, with more malicious meaning depicted in
his face than to be found among a cluster of
young Lawyers at a modern term.) "Yes,
my dear, (I am not to speak mildly at times),
there is, and in cold weather they are gener-
ally more bright and brilliant." "So, Mr.
Single," exclaimed the mother, "you ac-
knowledge there is a pleasure in the married
life, and yet determined to live an old bachel-
or?" "I have, madam, thought seriously on
the subject, and at one period of my life, was
on the very brink of it; but I may say for-
tunately a dispute took place before which I
anticipated fearfully would be the inevitable
consequence after—from that time to this,
madam, I have remained as you see, a witness
of 'thy happiness,' but not a participator."

"Why, Mr. Single," his heavenly life, no
tongue can express the harmony." As she
spoke, the child above mentioned knocked
down a beautiful vase of flowers; the mother
started up in a passion, beat the luckless cre-
dulous, and while she was thus manfully en-
gaged she scarcely observed that a scrupulous
piece of furniture called a *commode*—immedi-
ately by a scream issued from it not unex-
pectedly, (from actual experience,) by any
Indian yell ever yet heard. In attempting to
pounce the out in the crash, another who had
sat quietly in the corner hearing and seeing
the confusion, set up his pipes—this jovial
family concert was joined by a lap dog; and
such a babel of voices was never heard I am
convinced, since that time. Pity for the
mother's feelings, and politeness, required no
say; and after some difficulty, accompanied
with the loss of some money, they were all
going on in peace of the marriage life in as
glowing terms as she had attempted it before.
When in bolted her husband, he had been
drinking—"What, Mr. Single here—how do
you do, my old friend—happy to see you—but
what and the devil was all the hurly burly
about—children screaming—heard them a
square off—but had he! Mr. Single, met a
few friends at H—'s—jolly days—drink to
Adams and Liberty—good merry as you see,
has no matter—wile get out the brandy—
always keep a bottle for a friend." I at-
tempted to speak; but I might as well have
addressed the statue of William Penn, in the
Hospital yard, with the hope of getting an
answer for the children roared the wife
bawled silence—the dog barked—the husband
sang:

"Come drive our cates away,
Brandy drowns all sorrow;
Come spend the social hours today,
And have our wens for morrow."

"Now Mr. Single, one drink—here's to
all married men, peace—to all single ones
confusion." I could in my heart, at that mo-
ment have reversed it, but wishing to depart, I
drank to absent friends; and I left the house,
repeating the words of my friend's wife—
"Is a heavenly life Mr. Single, truly, it is,"
and to make her assertion true, she gave me
an excellent specimen—
"Fools make feasts with fruits from care,
While wisdom darts them—free from care."

PETER SINGLE.

affections—not so far as you have, however,
that I must acknowledge. Well, I speak to
him one morning, just as I am now speaking
to you, and he had the impudence to tell me
that, and nothing to do with the talk of the
town, and that he had no intention of encour-
aging himself with a wife. You may guess
the rest, my good fellow; we met the next
morning on the downs, and I settled his busi-
ness completely—I never made a cleaner shot
in my life—the surgeon told his air-wards that
it went through the centre of the peri-car-
dium. I struck first just here," said the
Colonel, tapping the fourth button of the left
lapel of my coat, and the blow, gentle as it
was, would have prostrated me, had it not
been for the supporting arm of the Colonel—
"But come, I see you are agitated," continu-
ed he, "and the sooner we get over the de-
claration—the *premar* part, you know—the
somer your happiness with her!"

I stopped a moment—I thought that I had
could tell him that I was not prepared to en-
counter myself with a wife; for a moment I
considered whether it would not be better to
be shot at once than to be married to Miss
O'Shane; but the thought of the pistol-bullet
through the centre of the peri-caridium came
across my mind with all its dreadful circum-
stances, and I suffered myself to be led to
the Colonel's house, where we were found the
young lady, solitary and melancholy. Here
the Colonel soon settled the business; he as-
sured his sister of my unalterable attachment,
entreated her by a sister's love to have com-
passion on the feelings of his friend; and when
the girl had her face in one hand, and held out
the other, he placed the latter in mine with a
most tremendous squeeze, and declared it to
be the happiest day of his life. He then led
me aside, and entreated me not to hurry the
wedding-day too quickly; he hoped I could
wait three weeks, well, if I could not, if my
ardour was so great, he must insist, for his
sister's sake, that it should not take place for a
fortnight. He then turned to his sister, and
begged her, as she valued my happiness, she
would not delay beyond the period he had
named. What could Miss O'Shane reply to
this affectionate adjuration? She turned up
her eyes most pathetically, and vowed she
valued my happiness too highly to permit her
to refuse me any thing.

Thus I went home an engaged man, and an-
nounced my fate, with tears and trembling,
to my mother; the good lady scolded—she
said she would, and I had not outgrown the ter-
rors of her voice; but arguments and anger
were both thrown away upon me—the word
wedded brought the pericardium round me
me dead to the world, and careless of the
wedding-day too quickly; he hoped I could
wait three weeks, well, if I could not, if my
ardour was so great, he must insist, for his
sister's sake, that it should not take place for a
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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Obadiah Shamesface's Epistle.

Messrs. Editors—The other evening feeling
rather tired, and as it was not late enough to
go to bed, being only eleven o'clock, I
thought I would take a short nap in my chair,
but I could not—for it is sometimes the case,
let persons be ever so weary, they cannot
go to sleep. Now, I have no doubt but that
many of your readers, (perhaps correspond-
ents) who prefer themselves on squeezing
out crumbs of sleep, could have re-
spected themselves by a very short nap, in a
few minutes, in an instant, at most, in a very
short time; especially (they being generally
uncommonly imaginative) had they fancied
themselves beside some gurgling streamlet,
whose rippling waters rushing from their
source, encounter the stony rocks, and dash-
ing over them, produce a sweet, delicious rum-
bling, that would charm the heart, and cause
them to listen with extatic delight to the
murmuring of the gentle waves. And then,
fancy being stretched to the utmost, would
I ken to some ambitious yammerer, wearied with
the dull unvaried scenes at home, who builds
him a noble cast, painted with various devices,
loads it with useful articles for the conveni-
ence of man, such as pint cups, and watering
pots of highly burnished tin, then salutes for-
ward, and as he travels on his native hills, the bur-
nished metal glingling together from the car's
commotion, sends forth a thrilling sound,
that breaks upon the ear of the astonished
and enraptured shepherd. But, alas! such
hunts and could not put me to sleep. No,
nor all the noble ones of a Homer, or the wit
but forcible ones of an Ovid could have had
the desired effect. Tired I could not sleep,
I picked up a pamphlet, and after poring
over the *unimpaired* excursions, (I find
manipulate a phrase) of a Reverend Divine,
in the infernal regions, soon felt the wished
for drowsiness come over me. I found myself
in a very wide street of some great city, I
knew not what—there seemed to be a bustle
in it that amused me—and stopping to view
something particularly, was accosted by one
who said he supposed I was a stranger, to
which I assented in the affirmative. He de-
reached as if I would consent to it he would
be my guide, and point out to me the most
prominent beauties of the place, and objects
most worthy of remark. I thanked him for
his offer, and accepted it. I soon found from
his conversation and jests, "for many a jest had
he," that he was one of those interlopers in
society (if I may use the term), who being
pretty well stocked with *leaves*, a slight
rebuff occasioned not the least uneasiness
whatever, and he managed by a certain tact
to find all places of resort and become a vi-
sitor there—aye, and in private places too—
for he was called a wit, that is possessing
not much feeling himself, did not care or
know how much he hurt those of others—
many were afraid of him, and pretended
friendship lest, peradventure, he should scur-
rle behind their backs, or make them
blush in company by low but witty, very wit-
ty, sarcasms. Enumerating the places where
I could be amused, he said there was a place
called the "Literary Hall," where poets and
rhymers composed their pieces, and, that if I
liked, he would immediately conduct me
thither. I was much pleased with the pro-
posal, for I had long wished to view at their
work, and to hear the poor made's hearts of on-
tendible to list to dying sighs of faintly un-
dermined love. We soon reached the hall and
entered it. Indeed "a goodly high" now
burst upon me, for here at their desks, care-
fully arranged around the room, with each a
quill, sat those writers in deep and awful con-
templation. I was forcibly struck with the
attitude of one of them, who was leaning
back in his chair and pressing his forehead
violently with both his hands. I asked my
guide if he thought that person had the head-
ache. "Not at all," he replied, "he's only
imagining." "Imagining? not an evil spirit
I hope?" "By no means," said he, "that's
a Poet." Now of all poets, Messrs. Editors,
had to work as hard for a smile, and inspira-
tion beside, it must be extremely hard work
indeed. I enquired upon a cunning, self-
important looking fellow was seated in one
corner, and eying the groups in a most in-
dignified manner—"ever and anon," he'd
write a line or two, and smile with much self-
satisfaction. My guide said "he was a satirist,
and making fun of those whom he thinks in-
ferior to him. They all hate him, for he as-

Lord Byron's Notions of Oratory.

I have never heard any one who fulfilled
my idea of an orator. Granton would have
been near it but for his baroque delivery—
but I never heard him; but once, and then
he struck me as a debator, which, to me,
seems as different from an orator as an im-
provisatore, or a versifier, from a poet. Grey
is great, but it is not oratory. Canning is some-
times like one. Wyndham did not admire the
whole world, it seemed sad and empty—
Whitehead war the Demosthenes of his taste
and vulgar vehemence, but strong and Eng-
lish. Holland is impressive from sense and
sincerity. Lord Lansdowne, good, but still
a debator only. Grenville I like vastly, if he
would prune his speeches down to an hour's
delivery. Burdett is sweet and silvery as
Bella himself; and I think the greatest favorite
in Parliament—at least, I always heard the
country gentlemen and the Manchester de-
voted his speeches up and down, and then
run down from B-Danny's when he was on his legs.
I heard Bishop Marsh make his second speech
it made no impression. I like Ward (now
Viscount Dudley and Ward), studied, but
clear, and sometimes eloquent. Peel, my
school and form fellow, (we sat within two
of each other) strange to say, I have never
heard though I often wished to do so; but
from what I remember of him at Harrow, he is,
or should be, amongst the best of them—
Now I do not admire Mr. Wilberforce's speak-
ing; it is nothing but a flow of words—words,
words alone. I doubt greatly if the English
have any eloquence, properly so called, and
am induced to think that the Irish had a great
deal, and that the French will have and have
had in Marseilles. Lord Chatham and Burke are
the nearest approaches to oratory in England.
I don't know what Erskine may have been at
the Bar, but in the House I wished him at the
Bar once more. Lauderdale is shrill, Scotch
and acute. Of Brougham I shall say nothing,
as I have a personal feeling of dislike to the
man. But amongst all these good, bad and
indifferent, I never heard the speech, which
does not too long for the auditors, and not very
intelligible, except here and there. The whole
thing is a grand deception, and as tedious as
as tedious as may be to those who must be
often present. I heard Sheridan only once,
and that briefly, but I liked his voice, his man-
ner, and his wit; he is the only one of them I
ever wished to hear at greater length.

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back in his chair and pressing his forehead
violently with both his hands. I asked my
guide if he thought that person had the head-
ache. "Not at all," he replied, "he's only
imagining." "Imagining? not an evil spirit
I hope?" "By no means," said he, "that's
a Poet." Now of all poets, Messrs. Editors,
had to work as hard for a smile, and inspira-
tion beside, it must be extremely hard work
indeed. I enquired upon a cunning, self-
important looking fellow was seated in one
corner, and eying the groups in a most in-
dignified manner—"ever and anon," he'd
write a line or two, and smile with much self-
satisfaction. My guide said "he was a satirist,
and making fun of those whom he thinks in-
ferior to him. They all hate him, for he as-

sumes a very pretty look when any approach
too near him. But," continued my guide,
"look at that chap half concealed behind the
window curtain, he's another satirical writer,
and exposes the other whenever he can."—
This last was a most galley looking personage,
and made me think he had always been fed
upon sulphur, there was something so sour
about his face. He was a cynic withal, and pre-
sented a ghastly countenance. My guide said it was
nothing but pretence, not having yet got over
a fit of spleen, into which he was thrown by
being rejected by a beautiful and accompani-
ed young lady. I learned one thing while
there, that I never before had the least idea
of, which is, that authors are more cunning
than the world generally takes them to be—
I came by my knowledge thus; one of the
Literati had a huge pile of books before
him, generally poetical. He was examining
them very carefully, and as I sat at a London
motto in pencil, he said, "I have written
about writing. I overheard him tell his next
neighbour, that it was necessary to make his
piece go down, to have an elegant motto—
"That it was incumbent on you first to make
your readers believe you were well read,
and then you might write almost any thing
and it would pass very well, and they would
say, 'Oh, he's a smart fellow, he's a real
motto.' So you see," says he, "it is no
matter what we write, for a motto is only of
use to have it said there is one." I believe
him, Messrs. Editors, for writers stick to the
text about as much as the wind does to one
point all the year round. I was exceedingly
amused with the poets, who would, soon as
they made a couplet, read it aloud, and ask if
it was not a pretty good one; my guide several
times took the liberty to correct them a
little, which, however, they, although his
opinion was asked, would dispute and declare
they read much better the way they had it.—
Being attentively engaged watching some of
the states of this Hall of science, I was start-
led by one exclaiming, "I've got it! I've
got the smile!" I immediately lost sight of
the room and all that were in it, and open-
ing my eyes, saw my mistake, and the pupil
I which was the cause of such a singular
dream coming over your friend,
OBADIAH SHAMESFACE.

The Miscellany.

A LOVER'S LEAP.

The top of one of the towers of Ruthven-
house, Scotland, once the seat of the unfor-
tunate Gowrie, is called the Lover's Leap.
—A daughter of the first Earl of Gowrie was
addressed by a young gentleman of inferior
rank in the neighborhood, a frequent visitor
of the family, who never would give the least
countenance to his passion. His lodging was
in the tower, separated from his mistress's;
the lady, before the doors were shut convey-
ed herself into her lover's apartment, but
some prying diabolical acquainted the Countess
with the secret, and she was so alarmed by the
possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise
them. The young lady's ears were quick;
she heard the footsteps of the old Countess,
ran to the top of the leads and took the
desperate leap of nine feet four inches over a
chasm of sixty feet; and, luckily, lighting on
the battlement of the other tower, crept into
her own bed, where her astonished mother
found her, and of course apologized for the
unjust suspicion. The daughter did not
choose to repeat the leap, but the next night
eloped and was married.

VESUVIUS.

From E. Abernethy's Last Days of Herculaneum.
The tragic fate of the cities of Pompeii and
Herculaneum forms a terrific page in history.
There had not been any previous eruption of
Vesuvius for several centuries; no memorial
of such an event could be found, since his-
torians had existed to record its phenomena.
The whole mountain was overgrown with
forests and the most luxuriant vines and
vegetation, a retreat for which, Martial says,
the gods of pleasure and of gaiety forsake
their most favoured abode. What a horrid
surprise, then, it must have been to the in-
habitants of those ill-fated cities, to behold the
golden and violent eruption which spread de-
solation around! While the inhabitants of
Pompeii were considering whether it would
be safer to flee or remain, a tremendous
shower of hot-boiling mud and gravel sudden-
ly descended on them, burying the whole
city sixty feet deep. During another period
of this dreadful eruption, torrents of lava,
rolling over Herculaneum, buried it forever
one hundred feet deep, in what is now of
course, a solid mass of rock. This event
happened about eighteen centuries ago, and
was equally fatal to many other beautiful
towns, which stood thick upon the beautiful
coast of the Bay of Naples.

What thought can reach,
The horror of that hour! An earth beneath
that threatened to devour the human race,
That burst and choked—makes that full for rain—
Thunders that ceased above—thunders that growed
loud below, and hid the sun and stars;
That like an ocean of black waters, whitened,
And pressed upon the earth.

CHARACTER OF SHAKESPEARE.

"I consider Shakespeare as a philosopher as
well as a poet. To his acute and sagacious
mind, every varied situation of the human
mind, every shade of discrimination in the
human character, all the minute details, all
the distinct affections, all the contending in-
terests, all the complicated passions of our
species, seem to be laid open as far as is al-
lowed to human discernment. Dostoevsky of
the aids of Literature and of society, he seems
to have possessed by intuition, all the advan-
tages that reading and society bestow; and to
have combined the warmest energies of pas-
sion, the boldest strokes of imagination, the
justest properties of reasoning, and the exact-
est niceties of conduct. He makes every de-
scription a picture, and every sentiment an
action. He seems to have known how every
being that has existed would speak and act un-
der every supposable circumstance, and in
every possible situation; and how a being that
never did exist, must speak and act, if he
should at any time be brought into actual ex-
istence."

MRS. HEMANS.

Some say that the poetry of this lady "is
somewhat affected, and contains a little too
much of the back-slaught sentimentality of
the day." To which Coleridge replies—"There
is a spirit of piety and virtue and high feeling
enriched with classic allusions which pervades
every thing proceeding from the pen of Mrs.
Hemans; and entitles her to rank with the
first writers of the age; and we believe, we
may safely challenge the production of a sin-
gle line containing either affectation or false-

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There cannot endure long, and will necessarily
purge itself without the interference of
the "A Parent" who addresses us under the
appellation of "A Parent" be serious in his
endeavour to place him in a very ridiculous
and unbecoming posture for an author. We
have known and have suffered to no inconsiderable
extent from the rage of the mania, com-
monly denominated "Cannibalism," but
have never been able to discover a perfect
cure for it to reason with the offenders, (we
mean such only who discover no other talent
but that for scribbling,) and to point out to
them how very inconsistent they are, may ef-
fect an amelioration of the symptoms, but
they often return with redoubled fury, to the
grief of all who fall under their pestiferous in-
fluence. A premium, (something less than
ten hundred dollars,) might be offered with
effect, we think, for the best treatise on this
subject.

"Phenix," who says he is a subscriber to
the "Casket," can have his enquiries answered
by calling at the office.

FOURTH OF JULY.

The Jubilee of our Nation was celebrated
on Tuesday last, with great "pomp and cir-
cumstance," by our neighbours of New York,
Boston, Salem, and other places of acknowl-
edged public spirit and enterprise. In this
city less than usual was done to denote re-
joicing. A dinner was prepared at the Ma-
sonic Hall for some of the friends of General
Jackson, who, after hearing an address in the
Hall of Independence, passed the afternoon
with the usual inspiration of wine, toasts and
songs. The 1st Regiment of Pennsylvania
Volunteers, 102 of the line, under the com-
mand of General Patterson, made a very hand-
some parade, and after the usual marching,
retired to Broad street, and gave a *feu de joi*
in honor of the day. The Washington Blues,
under Major Baker, accompanied by the
Caledonia Blues, a very handsome company,
in Scotch dress, marched out to Mr. Hardings,
late Sheridan's gardens, upper Ferry, and
partook of a splendid dinner, at which they
were honored with the company of Major
General Caldwell and Brigadier General
Patterson, who heartily joined with a large
number of invited citizens in the festivities
of the occasion. The Declaration of Independ-
ence was read, and the dinner was followed
by the customary number of regular and
volunteer toasts, interspersed with excellent
singing. Several private parties partook of
dinners in the neighborhood of the city. One
of the military companies of the city, under
Captain Childs, spent the day in New York.
The Artillery companies, under Col. Prevost,
and one or two infantry companies, were at
Fort Mifflin, and other companies dispersed
in opposite directions. Our city was as quiet
as desertion and sober habits could make it:
the shops and public offices were generally
closed, and their occupants seeking fresh air
beyond the confines of our rivers and liberties.
If the Fourth of July was not so greatly
celebrated in this city as in New York, we
presume that the *fiat* found us as ready for
the ordinary concerns of life as most other
people. Men who live abstemiously during a
day of festivity, generally return to rest in
"the sober certainty of waking bliss" on the
morning. Champaign, Madeira, and Port, are
efficient promoters of your snapping heads,
foul romances, and marvellously red eyes.
Moderation, and soda water, suitably correct-
ed, gives advantage to calculation.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH,
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

The military formed on the Battery, and
marched to Major General Morton's quarters
in State street, where they, together with the
Washington Greys, from Philadelphia, and
captain Patridge's Cadets, were reviewed.
They then passed through the different
streets, to the Park, where they passed again
in review before his excellency the Governor
and the Mayor and Corporation, and after
receiving a *feu de joie*, were dismissed. The
several societies, with their appropriate
banners and emblems, made a very respect-
able appearance. At the appointed hour, his
excellency Governor Clinton and suite, his Honor
the Lieut. Governor, his Honor the Mayor
and the Common Council, accompanied by
many distinguished persons, preceded by
Colonel Articular's troop of horse, proceeded
to the ground lately laid out for a military
review, where a couple of oxen had been
served whole, and handsomely placed upon
tables, decorated with flowers and greens of
various kinds. Here they were received by
the committee of arrangement who had
charge of this part of the celebration, and an
address made by Alderman Doughty, to
which his honor the Mayor made a suitable
reply. Major Smith then read the declaration
of independence, and addressed the citizens
generally who had assembled to partake of
the banquet. After the ceremony had been
performed of giving to the square the name
of the "Washington Military Parade Ground,"
the Governor and Corporation were conducted
to an arbor prepared for the occasion, and
partook of the entertainment. A general in-
vitation was then given to all assembled,
amounting, it was estimated, to upwards of
10,000, to approach the tables and join in the
feast, which they did to a man, in good
order, and before they separated, relieved the
tables, which were spread 400 feet in
length, of their ponderous loads of beef, hams,
&c. &c. and mounted by a plentiful supply
of ale. The heads of upwards of fifty bottles
were knocked in on the occasion; and it was
calculated that 30,000 people visited the spot
in the course of the day.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of American Inde-
pendence was celebrated by the citizens of
Baltimore, with the usual testimonials of joy.
A large number of the citizens of Pennsylv-
ania, trading from the River Susquehanna, met
at the Washington Hotel in the city of Bal-
timore, and having organized themselves by the
choice of General Louis Evans, of Millin
county, as President, James Muliken, Esq. of
Lancaster county, as Vice President, and S.
H. Wilson, Esq. of Centre county, as Sec-
retary, they partook of an excellent dinner pre-
pared for the occasion by Mrs. Blair. After
the cloth was removed, the Declaration of In-
dependence was read by the Secretary, and
a number of toasts were drunk, accompanied
by an excellent band of music.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of American Inde-
pendence was celebrated in the city of Wash-
ington on Tuesday, with great manifestations
of public respect. The day was ushered in
by salutes of artillery, which made the welkin
ring. At the appointed hour, the Volunteer
Companies of the city assembled on the plain
North of the President's House; a marching
band was paid to the President of the United
States by the Military; and, after receiving
the President, Vice President, Heads of De-
partments, &c. the procession moved off,
along the Pennsylvania Avenue, to the Cap-
itol.

The most conspicuous object in the pro-
cession was General Philip Stuart, a veteran,
whose body is seamed with honorable wounds
received in the war of the Revolution, habited
in the military costume of the Revolution, bear-
ing the standard of his country—supported on
the one side by Commodore Bainbridge, and
on the other by Gen. Jessup. The pro-
cession received the capital about half past
eleven, previously to the Ladies' nearly
admitted into the Hall occupied nearly the
whole floor, forming a graceful and honorable
auditory to the ceremonies of the day. After
they were concluded, Mr. Barbour, Secretary of
War, addressed the audience. He adverted to
the peculiar opportunities which he had en-
joyed of forming a just estimate of the worth
of the illustrious Thomas Jefferson, and made
a very earnest and feeling appeal to the audi-
ence in behalf of that venerable patriot—
whose situation, in the evening of a life spent
for his country, was such as claimed the sym-
pathy of every American. He spoke of the
debt the nation owed to one from whom she
had received so much—the delightful
privilege of being permitted to make some
slight expression of its obligations—and of the
emblematic beauty of such acts of public gra-
titude—inviting his fellow-citizens of Washing-
ton (in which capacity he now addressed
them) to show, by their acts, the esteem in
which they held this great man. Mr. B. was
followed by Mr. Rush, (Secretary of the Treas-
ury) who, in a few neat and impressive sen-
tences, expressed his entire concurrence in the
views which had been presented by Mr.
Barbour, and, as a citizen of another State, as
well as of Washington, urged the obligation
of relieving our distinguished fellow citizen
under his present painful embarrassments.
After which, a number of citizens, amongst
them were the President, Vice President,
Heads of Departments, Postmaster General,
Major General Brown, &c. advanced suc-
cessively to the Clerk's table, and subscribed to
a paper which had been prepared for the
occasion. The audience then dismissed it-
self, and the President was escorted back
to his Mansion, the doors of which were hospi-
tably thrown open, and a crowd of his fellow-
citizens paid their respects to the President
and his family, by whom they were kindly
received.

We have received the fourth number of
Lopez and Wemyss' Edition of the Acting
American Theatre. It is the "Old Maid,"
one of the stock plays of our stage, and aptly
chosen as the means of introducing a charac-
teristic likeness of Mrs. Francis, who is re-
presented as Miss Harlowe, the old maid her-
self. This likeness is from the pencil of Na-
gale, and is engraved by Durand. It is not
only a fine specimen of the graphic art, but
the likeness of our favourite, Mrs. F. is strik-
ingly correct, and hence in keeping with the
ornaments of the preceding numbers. The
letter press of the present edition is credit-
able to the liberality of the proprietors of the
work, and taken in connexion with the con-
tinuance of the engraving, gives them high claims
to public patronage. We highly commend their
judgment in giving portraits of actors of our
own times and of acknowledged excellence
in their respective lines; it will add a value
to their work, and if we mistake not, create a
demand for it to which its worth is really en-
titled, and which their liberal expenditures call for.

In our columns to-day, we insert the ad-
vertisement of Mr. and Mrs. CHAPMAN.—
This gentleman and lady are well known
throughout the union, as having been engaged,
for a series of years, in the discharge of a
most philanthropic duty which devolved upon
them, they being, until very recently, solely
persons afflicted with IMPEDIMENTS IN THEIR
SPEECH. There cannot possibly be any occasion
to dwell on the merits of this invaluable
art, as the success which has attended the
prosecution of it is well known—nor will there
be any necessity to offer persuasion, to induce
those afflicted to come forward and place
themselves under the care of the advertisers,
who are fully competent, (as innumerable
certificates can testify) to effect a permanent
and speedy restoration to the blessings of
speech. As the incoherent founders of a
system affording such vast benefits to man-
kind, Mr. and Mrs. C. are entitled to the
gratitude and thanks of the benevolent, and
we trust they will have no cause to regret
the least diminution in that general and un-
limited confidence which they have heretofore
received, and which they have always been
capable of sustaining to the perfect satisfac-
tion of the most fastidious or doubting.

The Oriental Harp, by the BOSTON BARD,
has been issued from the press, by Messrs.
Smith & Parmenter, of Providence, R. I. A
few copies of this work might be readily dis-
posed of in this city. We shall have no objec-
tion to assist in the sale of it among the friends
of the Bard, who are numerous, several of
whom have already applied to us to know how
they could obtain a copy. It is said to be
very neatly printed, with a handsome copper-
plate title page, and an engraved likeness of
the author, taken at the age of 24.

Mr. William B. Tappan, of our city, has is-
sued proposals for the publication of a new
octavo volume of his Poems, to be composed
in part of many pieces which have never yet
come before the public. This writer is well
known to our readers, and we have often
heard warm expressions of admiration for the
productions of his pen—it is therefore fair to
conclude that the present literary enterprise
which he is about to engage in, will be
promptly and liberally subscribed for.

WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.

The numbers drawn in the Delaware State
Lottery, at Wilmington, Del. on Monday af-
ternoon last, were—23 20 26 5.

The Jersey City Bank has suspended pay-
ment.

A boy named Jacob Babb, was committed
to prison on Wednesday morning for stealing
a piece of Domestic stripe from the door of a
store in South Front street.

An explosion occurred on Thursday last,
at Nitre Hall, Delaware County, whereby
considerable injury was done to the works,
and one man was killed.

The Washington Greys, Capt. Childs, re-
turned to this city yesterday, from a visit to
New York, after an absence of two weeks.

The City Constables advertise as constantly
on hand for sale, a number of HOGS, in lots
to suit purchasers. Enquire at the Mayor's
Office.

Cucumbers are selling in our market 10
and 12 for a cent. Ripe Apples and Pears
for 12 cents the half peck.

A well dressed female was on Thursday
detected stealing from Mr. McCasky's store,
corner of Second and South streets, a piece
of blanket and other articles. She was taken
along the Pennsylvania Avenue, to the Cap-
itol.

Col. Simpkins, the law-partner of Mr.
McDuffie, has been dangerously wounded
in a duel with Col. Bolan, of South Carolina.
The accurate state that he is not expected to
recover.

Dr. Percival has issued a prospectus for
the publication of a weekly literary paper, in
Boston.

The late Mobile papers complain of the
want of a sufficient water to navigate the Tom-
bechee river, in consequence of which the
steam-boats could not arrive, and from 13 to
20,000 bales of cotton would in all probability
be kept back.

A turnpike road, on the McAdams plan, is
to be made from Albany to Troy, New York.

A gentleman named Hanc, intends, if suit-
able patronage be afforded him, to establish a
complete and extensive silk manufactory in
Baltimore. He represents the climate and
influences of Baltimore, as peculiarly ad-
apted to the establishment, and proposes to
form a company for this purpose.

It is stated in an English paper that Mr.
Ashton's factory at Hyde, near Liverpool,
which contains from five hundred to six hun-
dred power looms, actually manufactures a
piece of cotton every minute in the day.

There is a factory in Delaware County, Pa.
which, when completed, will, it is said, turn
out thirty thousand yards of cotton cloth a
week.

The corporation of Albany has prohibited
the ringing of bells, and blowing of horns,
on board of steam boats on the Sabbath.

Vera Cruz is represented as very unhealthy.
Few European or North American vessels
call at the port. Commodore Port had gone
to Mexico; and the Mexican vessels were very
scarce of seamen.

It is confidently said, there are more than
five hundred Walking Coffins in the town of
Nantucket. There was but one there in the
year 1644; his name was Tristram Coffin. The
present race of Coffins are all descended from
Tristram.

The limited salary, and the restricted
powers of the executive of Vermont, have
rendered that office so little to be desired,
that the good citizens of that state have ex-
perienced some difficulty in urging a candi-
date before the people.

A farmer, of Portsmouth, Ohio, states that
the leaves of Elder, scattered among sheaves
of wheat, while stacking, will effectually pre-
vent its injury by Weevil, and also keep off
Rats. The experiment may be easily tried.

The Darien Gazette of the 15th ult. reports
under the name Head of that day, the fol-
lowing arrival!—Arrived, "sloop Good In-
fant, Allen, Savannah, *Kisses*, &c. to our
Apotachery."

Two steam-boats are building at Cincinnati,
to navigate the Ohio when the water is low.
They are intended for passengers only, and
will carry fifty.

Three white persons have been murdered
by the Pawnee Indians, near the Red River,
in Arkansas. There were six men in com-
pany, two are missing, and the other made his
escape.

A Golden Eagle, supposed to be a yearling,
was lately shot in West Chester county, N. Y.
that measured 7 feet 8 inches across the wings,
and from his beak to his feet, three feet.
His beak was three inches long, and 4 5-8ths in
circumference.

Five very large Colfish, each more than 2 1/2
feet long, were recently caught in the water
of Norfolk, Virginia, considerably within
the capes of the Chesapeake. The like of this,
it is said, was never known before.

The lucky tickets which drew the two
highest prizes in the Delaware State Lottery,
on Monday afternoon last, were sold by
ROBERT ON & LITTLE, to two respect-
able and deserving citizens of Philadelphia.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

The following lines were suggested by
reading in an old periodical an account of a
man's having been found on a wreck, worn
away to a skeleton-like appearance:

Of the wreck of the vessel that
picked him up he recovered.

The proud ship gallantly sped o'er the wave,
Though her sails were lashed to the mast,
While the hurricane hurl'd to their yawning
grave.

The crews of those vessels unable to brave
The overwhelming force of the blast.

A rough, misshapen, rolling speck,
Appear'd to a sailor's view,
Who saw thro' his glass a broken deck,
Then cried out aloud, "a wreck, a wreck!
And a man is on it too!"

Soft pity in each one's breast arose
For the helpless being there,
The last and only one left of those
Who bring o'ercome by numerous woes,
Were wash'd off in despair.

They lower'd the boat and plied the oar,
It darted fast thro' the sea,
They hoped that he of the wreck, once more
Would visit his home and his native shore,
And taste no more misery.

They board'd the wreck, and saw amazed,
A man all dwindle away,
Then kindly spoke—he wildly gazed,
And groaning a sigh, and God he pray'd,
For the mercy he's shown to-day.

They kindly nourish'd this unknown one
With a sailor's generous care;
He soon revived—and the glowing sun
He once more captiv'd look'd upon,
And bade adieu to despair.

And often the crew think of that day
When from off the vessel's deck
They took, and boldly bore away,
And the foam of the ocean's spray,
The Skeleton of the wreck.

Philad. March 29, 1826. CIREX.

THE HIGHLANDS.

A TALE of the Hudson, just published and for sale
at the Book Store of J. G. & C. H. Adams,
No. 21, N. 3rd St. It is a fine story, and is
said to be the best of the kind ever published.
It is a tale of the Hudson, and is said to be
the best of the kind ever published. It is a
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